Polimastix:

Or,

THE CITY REBVKER,

FOR

THEIR TAME AND EASIE

Surrender of so Invincible a Power.

——Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

Printed in the Yeere 1647.

The City rebuked for their pusillanimous inconstancy, &c.

HEE may easily appeare valiant, who knowes his enemy a coward. 'Tis safe chalenging him at sharp, whose hand shakes with a toyle: or what service can be expected from him at an Edge-bill battell, who stinks at a Finsbury Training? Such was the Armies advantage in their approach and summons; they might boldly enter the Ring knowing the cudgels would be crost at the first sight. They had to doe with so incomparably coward a foe, that had they lived in Samplers dayes, his jawbone had atchieved but an ordinary victory, the wands of them without a miracle had fell by the same Engine, and held it their allegeance to pay subjection to such a Sceptre. Some indeed were so kind in their censure, as to take two to one they would fight, when their shops were shut, their Proclamations blowne about, munitioning, Cannon mounted, their tongues beating a match as loud as their Drums, their wife and little ones had askt their Wives leave to goe to the workes, blest their children, desired the prayers of the Congregation, given pensions to Hospitals, for the cure and maintenance of soldiers maymed in this expedition: more could not be pretended, had Captaine *Brisse* beene Lord Major, and his brethren of the Sword, the Common Councell. All the honour *Poyntz* could show Sir *Thomas Fairfax* on the Munday night, was, to list him the hundreth and thirtieth man, his ingagements were so many in Guild-hall. But truly this subject commands more unchristen mirth, is fitter to be celebrated in a Satyre, then laught at in a song. The serious man who seriously considers the perfect necessity of a constant and handsome resolution upon this occasion, will hardly beleeve such promising and glittring preparations could proove counterfeit at the touch. That which gives the surest and most proof commission unto action, is a just cause; which at this time stood begging at their gates for entertainment, and presented it self in these two Articles; The true Protestant Religion, and the Defender of the same: and upon these grounds how happy an opportunity had they to make their peace with God and his anointed, to harbour a long weather-beaten sinking Church, to oblige

like a long abused King, to undeceive a miserably deluded people, to reduce prophanesse to devotion, blasphemy to divine worship, a den of theeves to a house of prayer, to informe ignorance, to unmaske hypocrisie, to purge and scare the infected Pulpit, and what commands most with them, to make themselves masters of their owne estates, to be rich and die well, (as they call it) to injoy the priviledges and immunities of free Citizens; whereas now they cannot walke with their Wives to Islington, but the cakes will be cold and stale, before the Officer at the guard can spell their ticket. But now, meethinkes, some jugg'd Alderman unwinkes, coughs thrice, stroakes his seventy beard, and opens thus. We did declare for the Kings comming with safety and honour we; we voted Sir *Thomas* from command of Garrisons and Trained bands we; we listed soldiers, and made Officers we; but mens affections were cold, appearances at appointed places thin, few willing to ingage and the like. Now that his chaine were at stake, till he were confuted into so fast a sleepe, that nothing but an alarum of Plunder could wake him.

May your Worships consider, how you levened your Declarations with a cursed Covenant, which did both provoke the Army to assault you, and deterre all honest men from your assistance. Why did yee so mince and fee the Kings interest? so lispe a whisper for him, and proclaim so lowd for the Houses? but that ye were so far from daring to be honest, that ye were afrayd to tell the world yee had a minde to it. Had ye been ingenuously (though justly) free for his Majesty, your fields had been as full as your Churches, when an Orthodoxe Divine Preacher out of your owne Reformado party did publikly confesse, they had been too long abated by that riddle of King and Parliament, and did protest for ever against your Marshall livery upon those termes. Now do I admire, how Treason dares to roote it selfe into the very bones of men, that it should bee so well beloved, never incorrigible and inseparable, men never have pleasing stories: The Whore at Bough can marry an honest brother of the City, and make night-caps for the good man civilly in the shop. Your owne wives after forty, can leave robbing your bags & Chests, to furnish their Inns of Court servants: nay though they forbear your houses, lest you should fancy your children like them, can hardly receive a peece of Taffata in Summer: your very Apprentices, after one maydservants teeming, can take up to secure their Freedome; and must the Masters be the most persevering sinners?

ners? Hath fate you have late at a racke rent for your Treason, and will ye still renew your Leases? Lord! that men should be given over to such a spirit of blindnesse and delusion, as to dote upon their owne ruine, court and kisse their own destruction — *pereãt, ruant*
Cives & ignea rideat in igne manus.

But my friends, I pray tell me, what is become of your Covenant, have ye sent it post with your brace of Generalls to her mother Scotland, or has it leave to travell for six monthes? Where doe your Sanhedrins, Synods Provinciall and Parochiall sit? at Edenburgh? but my bre bren is this all the conscience we make of our everlasting oath? of so solemn a league and covenant made betweene God and your owne hearts? Did ye not promise before Heaven to live and die in the maintenance thereof? and did ye not in all humility and selfe deniall of heart and tongue sweare, for any worldly interest soever, recede from any tittle of the same? How many Reverend, Learned men, have beene lock'e up many years in Goales, for refusing this holy League of yours? how many good Families have beene ruined to starving, for denying subscription to this righteous covenant? and can ye so easily put it off and lay it by as out of fashion? Doe ye make no more of this, then ye did of those petty by my truly oathes of Allegiance and Supremacy? My gentle Cit. where art thou? What hast thou done? Doest thinke the name of King, as the name of God and Religion, is forgotten in the Land? Should his owne sacred person wither or be torne from the Royall stocke, to your terrour know it, and with horrour remember, that,
—— *Vno avulso non deficit alter*
Aureus & simili frondescit virga metallo.

Let your sonnes whom ye designe for Preachers, construe it when they come from Schoole. A King cannot die, but must and will live, to see his enthroned enemies his foothoole: or else never hope to receive a Letter from thy Factor abroad, without newes of forreigne preparations for Invasion: or to heare a Bell call thee to Church, which shall not ring backward before thou comest out; to eat a Custard more quietly then Jacke Pudding does, to sleepe an houre unwaked by bloudy tumults and insurrections, which of you will not feare poysoning at a Thanksgiving dinner? Sure ye are wiser then to imagine your selves within sight of peace: indeed had yee had any Pilacy among you of late, you might have put into harbour, but the mad Huricane of your owne breath hath blowne ye backe into the mayne, where ye are in

more danger of shipwreck then hope of a haven. Let no party of you all dreame ever to weare a sparke of any Jewell in the Crowne, or so much as reine of the Kingdome: a Scepter is as incommunicable as a Wife. You Club states, which know no better government, are felicome calme and quiet within doors; but a partner Monarchy cannot sleep: *Quando unquam regni fuit ullus aut imo fida copia, aut absq; crudore defuit?* And sure ye will still acknowledge a greater distance betweene *Charles* and *Thomas*, then was betweene *Cæsar* and *Pompey*. Ye cannot imagine the King so wittoll a Prince, to looke on and give ye leave to commit adultrie with his Throne: and woe be to that man, whom the Husband takes in the act of ravishing his Wife, I am sure shee will cry out and shee cannot want testifiers. Or (to descend) does any dull foggy intruder (who never heard of more Divinity then Calvins Institutions, and Ursins Catechisme in English, which their New-Inne Hall Tutors read to 'um for Logicke) hope that a copyhold Ordinance shall give him title to thumbe the Gospell in a reverend Divines Pulpit, and the fruits of his living, and not at length dye by the sickle that reapeth his Tithe, or the Flaile that threshes it?

Or does the new made Gentleman expect to enjoy the birthright of a man of honour, in whose fathers dayes he plowd and hedg'd the same land he is now a bastard usurping Lord of, and not at last be kickt out of the World by a Foot-boy? O ye Burgers, when will yee understand? And still me thinkes I heare a peaceable Common-Councell man (whose Wife is ripe for a Midwife, but cannot be delivered till shee see the Commander that got it) commend in his owne apron language their agreement with the Army thus. Truly, truely, I am very glad we are friends; for in that time the Army lay about the City: I am sure, and my Wife and Servants can justifie it, I lost the taking of over and above 100. l. sterling, upon my word I tell you truth, aske my man *John* else, and that youle say is a great matter in our trade; those very same commodities which I could have sold for foure and twenty and a halfe before, and thanke you too, would sell afterward at nineteene; but now I hope the Lord will please to raise us againe: for he tell you Sir, Currans, ordinary Currans for puddings or the like, as you know Sir. —I know! I had as lieve be acquainted with thee, as know it, whose company I would avoyd as I would seek thy Wives, or thee mine, haleste with Sargeancies of bale. But such Com-

mon-wealths men are most of them, so their owne gryse be safe, they care not though the Mill be fired: such as *Tully* satyrically laughs at in his dayes, *Qui amissâ republicâ prisinas suas fore salvas videntur sperare*, they care not how the game of the Kingdome goes, so they can save their owne stake. But now good Master Figs and Almonds, give me leave to satisfie the World in the true causes of your right honourable surrender.

1. Let the first be, old acquaintance, why should friends fall out? we have long agreed in *nostertio*, why should we now quarrell *inter nos?* we have both one common enemy, and if we fall to it, one of us must smoke, then they must certainely overpower the surviving party; and so we shall ruine our selves for their advantage: have we not both for five or six yeares together, fought, prayd, and preacht for the same cause, to reduce the Kingdome to a crowne power, and shall we now spend it in a private quarrell within our selves? like Rookes who have broke a company of faire gamesters, throw off their winnings among themselves at the next Taverne. What will the World say? but we are ashamed of what we jointly undertooke, and fall out for engaging one another in the same. Indeed there is good reason why a friendship contracted by offenders, and guilty persons, should be no longer lived than what it procures the cleare and innocent; for they feare to have the carkasse of their private injustices cut up before the World, when the other defies the double edge of an angry tongue. And I tickle to fancy the mirth the standers by had enjoyed, had the difference liv'd to blowes; how the Independent and Presbyterian, like boyes with snow-balls, had pelted one another with their owne treasons.

2. A cowardize (to use your owne phrase) not to be sampled or matcht in the Shops of Christendome, such that I wonder your owne Apprentices doe not buffe you out of their indentures, and binde ye all foure, till ye take a new Covenant to make journeymen to morrow; that your Children doe not take you up and whip you when they come from schoole, and so revenge their owne corrections upon the buttocks of their Fathers. I should wonder your Wives bedding with you, but I know they take a better course to make their Male valiant.

Fœmineæ cremur Fortibus

What greater calamitie of your owne meanesse of soule can ye demand?

stand? then that tryumphant Army dasht in your faces, when they marcht sounding Jo's thorough your streets, wreathed with Palme, not Olive, emblemes of Victory not Peace: That such a City, which had it no more wo kes then your ruffs can make, might set at defiance ten such bodies as that has now singly conquered it; which in respect of your immortall Magnanes, had not powder enough to prime your great Guns, nor more men, then to serve as Matrosses; not match enough to tie a Common Councell neck and heeles, nor bullet to calme a windie stomack: how many Dorps and Villages to thee, in England, have laught at a yeares seige by a greater strength? this is our Metropolis, which the World complaines to bee too big for an Hand; like your selves, whose heads are the greatest members of your bodies.

3. The third cause was their owne guilt, the guilty man condemnes himselfe, and the Jury may finde him so by the evidence of his owne face, as of the witnesses, the Malefact ur dares not looke upon the Judge, though with a pardon in his pocket; he does often anticipate the office of the ex cu tioner: *Scelera intra se possunt, secura non possunt, facultatem habent latendi non fiduciam*, a man cannot hide himselfe, but himselfe will betray himselfe, be he never so remo e, never so safe; the very winde will sing him articularly the voice of an Officer. And I ever feared this would prove a strong turnepike to the King, whose presence if heere, would be their so sad remembrance of all the blood, sacrilege, and rebellion lies upon their score unaccounted for, that would not let them sl epe without their *mali genii* by their beds sides. But (they say) some women (who have lived at the other end of the Towne, and since transl ted wives into the City) use to repell the assaults of their former acquaintance with this Proverbe, He runnes far that never turnes: so tis never too late to be loyall, though alwayes too early to rebell.

4. But lastly, that which confirmed your ungodly and unnatural desertion of your Soveraigne in all your treaties and bargaines with the Army, the world conceives to be your despaire of his Royall pardon; you did believe (and with good reason) you had sinned (as it were) against the Holy Ghost of temporall Majesty, beyond a capacity of remission: And your selves losing your owne piety, had little hopes of his pity. But still am I confident the Armies designe was, and is, after a perfect possession of the entire power of the Kingdome in their owne single command, to lay it, and themselves at his Majesties feete, not accounting you worthy to share in the honour of so incomparable a service to the Common-wealth. Although I must tell yee tis your owne guilt,

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publick, nor by knowne severity in your Prince, (which your selves cannot deny) could make you doubt, much lesse despaire now of what yee have so often contemptuously refused before. I ask your remembrancers, not intomer, if I tell yee he might have raigned till this day, and many yeares to come (if not so unfortunately disturbed) with such a constant severity as should never admitted wrincle; besides what fawcy Agabus sowre

This yee understand now yee have sinned against your neighbour, now see how infinitely yee have wronged your selves; Besides your being recorded, and filed through all Christendome for unparralleld Cowards; you have most simplacably prov'd and incens'd a gracious Prince, with his Posterity for ever. Secondly, yee have disobliged his Royall Party consisting of the Nobility, Gentry, and the whole Clergy of the Land, five or six score dragons in Charles, and shrub Levites, who thought to thrive and grow when the Cedars of the Church were all lop't, and some felled; such as would sell for a penny a hand in Geneva, who never had any thing to doe before in a Church beyond the Belfry, where perhaps each of them commanded a file of English Pettiers.

But lastly, how can yee answer that most unworthyneese to your owne flesh and blood, members of the same body, the same society? was it not enough to betray your Master, but your brethren too? Suppose your owne Champions had served you so abroad, made their owne peace, and left you to the Kings mercy; how many of them would have been found among you? And no signe of any trade in the Towne, save Jakes-farming. Oh that the King had besieged nothing but Londons! Now City go to worke, againe fashen your Bason and Ewer, there are very foule hands about it, therefore I will not have with thee to parring; but farewell, I am not angry, but wish you all happinesse so you can deserve, (which is) may yee have good trading, and be rich. (having Common wealths among friends) that when ye have payed all the eleven hundred pounds, Sir Thomas hath and shall demand, you may have full money enough, and a good opportunity to pay a Royall Army.

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